CINDERELLA

Era

JY

Amanda Graham

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2023 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/cinderellaalexgl0000grah

CINDERELLA

Retold and illustrated
by
Amanda Graham

Withdrawn Stock
Dorset Libraries

DORSET COUNTY
1999
LIBRARY AS

DORSET COUNTY LIBRARY
203802121 J

Published by Era Publications,
220 Grange Road, Flinders Park, SA 5025 Australia

Text & illustration © Amanda Graham, 1991
Printed in Hong Kong
First published 1991

All rights reserved by the publisher

National Library of Australia
Cataloguing-in-Publication Data:
Graham, Amanda, 1961- .
Cinderella. Alex and the glass slipper.

ISBN 0 947212 98 1 (Pbk.).

I. Title. II. Title: Cinderella (English).
III. Title: Alex and the glass slipper.

398.27

For worldwide distribution details of
this book see Era Publications' website:
http://www.era-publications.com.au

15 14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7

ONCE upon a time there lived a handsome man whose wife had died. She left him with a charming young daughter who was kind and gentle, just like her mother had been.

Some time after his first wife's death the man remarried. His new wife, however, was most unlike the first. She was bad-tempered and nasty, as were her two daughters. All three were unable to bear the sweet nature of the man's daughter and so they made her life a misery by ordering her to do all the housework. At the end of the day she would sit quietly beside the fireplace, amongst the cinders.

"We shall call you Cinderella," giggled the horrible, spiteful sisters.

One day it was announced that the king's son would hold a ball. The sisters were so excited about being invited that all they could think about was how they should dress.

"You will help us prepare," they told Cinderella, who had excellent taste in fashion.

Cinderella pressed their fancy garments and carefully dressed their hair.

"Would you like to go to the ball?" asked one sister.

"Oh, yes," said Cinderella, "but it's no place for me."

"In those clothes, of course it isn't!" cackled the other sister and both howled with laughter.

When the sisters had left, Cinderella sat beside the fireplace and wept.

"Are you sad because you cannot go to the ball?" asked a kindly voice. Cinderella looked up in surprise.

"Yes," she wept.

"I'm your fairy godmother," the mysterious woman explained, "and I shall see what I can do."

At her godmother's request, Cinderella fetched six mice and a rat from a trap, and six lizards and a large pumpkin from the garden. She watched with great curiosity as her godmother struck each of these things with her wand.

To her surprise the pumpkin magically changed into a golden coach, the mice into horses, the rat into a fine coachman and the lizards into lackeys. Cinderella was astounded.

"And now to you, my dear," said the fairy godmother.

As Cinderella was touched with the magic wand, her rags changed into a silvery-blue ball gown, and on her feet appeared fine, glass slippers.

"Now remember," warned the fairy godmother, "you must return by midnight, for then everything will change back to what it was. Remember, Cinderella! Remember!"

When Cinderella's coach arrived outside the great hall the dancers stopped, the musicians ceased playing and all eyes fell on the beautiful guest.

The prince was so entranced by Cinderella that he danced every dance with her.

When supper was served he could neither eat nor take his eyes from her. Everyone admired the charming and mysterious young woman, even the two sisters, who did not recognize her.

Cinderella was having a wonderful time when suddenly the clock began to strike twelve. She fled from the hall, losing one of her glass slippers as she ran down the stairs. The prince bent down to pick up the slipper, but when he looked up the young woman had gone.

Cinderella arrived home soon after, out of breath and in her shabby old clothes. All that remained of her fabulous night was one glass slipper.

The day after the ball the prince made a proclamation that he deeply loved the owner of the glass slipper and wanted to marry her. He sent three of his most trusted courtiers to find the foot that fitted the slipper.

First the courtiers tried the slipper on all the princesses and duchesses in the land and then every lady in the king's court, but it fitted none of them. Eventually they came to Cinderella's home, where the two sisters each tried, without success, to squeeze their large feet into the tiny glass slipper.

"Let me try," said Cinderella lightheartedly. The sisters cackled loudly.

Seeing how truly beautiful the young girl was, one of the courtiers tried the slipper on her foot. It fitted perfectly. Cinderella then drew the matching glass slipper from the pocket of her apron.

Just at that moment the fairy godmother appeared and, with her wonderful magic, changed Cinderella's rags into golden garments even grander than those she had worn to the prince's ball.

Realizing that Cinderella was the beautiful guest at the ball, the sisters fell to the floor, begging forgiveness for

the way they had mistreated her. Such was her kind and gentle nature that she forgave them immediately.

The courtiers then escorted Cinderella to the palace where the prince eagerly awaited her arrival. When she appeared the prince's face shone. As he asked for her hand in marriage, he thought she looked more beautiful than ever.

Soon they were married at an enormous ceremony and they both lived . . .

happily ever after.

ALEX AND THE GLASS SLIPPER

Written and illustrated
by
Amanda Graham

ALEX was the kitchenhand at *The Flinders' Cellar* restaurant. He was a hard and honest worker and it was not long before the chefs, Manuel and Russell Flinders, took advantage of this.

Instead of just peeling vegetables and washing dishes, Alex was made to do the shopping, wash and press the two chefs' uniforms and clean the restaurant from top to bottom every day.

Soon the chefs became so lazy that they made Alex cook all the meals for the guests by himself, while they took all the credit.

"What wonderful pumpkin soup, Russell," remarked one customer.

"Fabulously fluffy mousse, Manuel," commented another.

"It's not fair!" said Alex to himself.

One day, in the afternoon mail, Manuel and Russell received a letter from the king's palace announcing 'The Royal Cake-Baking Contest'.

"Alex, you will bake the cakes for us," demanded Russell.

When Alex had finished baking, the chefs were overjoyed.

"I think my strawberry sponge will win," said Manuel.

"No, my iced jubilee cake will," said Russell. "It's a pity Alex can't cook or he could come too!" Both chefs screeched with laughter. Alex felt like putting his feet through the cakes, but he needed his job, so he didn't.

"It's not fair," complained Alex when the chefs had gone. "I have to run the restaurant while those two take my cakes to the contest."

"I can look after the place," offered Polly Goodfellow, the waiter. "You bake your best cheesecake and I'll take care of everything else."

While Alex looked in his secret cookbook for his special recipe, Polly opened a secret book of her own — a book of magic.

"It's finished!" Alex soon announced proudly. "My cheesecake looks great, but what about me? I can't go to the competition dressed like a kitchenhand!"

"Open the cupboard," suggested Polly calmly. To Alex's amazement, inside the cupboard was a neatly-pressed chef's uniform, a tall chef's hat and a pair of shiny, black shoes — all in his size.

"Now open the back door," said Polly.

Outside the restaurant was a shiny red motorcycle, where he had left his old push-bike early that morning.

"Wow! Thanks Polly!" exclaimed Alex. "You're magic!"

"Now remember," warned Polly, "you must return by midnight, for then the magic ends. Remember, Alex! Remember!"

When Alex arrived at the palace, the princess, the king and the royal chef had already begun the judging.

"Exquisite!" remarked the royal chef as he tasted Manuel's sponge.

"Magnificent!" the king said of Russell's iced jubilee. "It seems we have the winners here."

"Wait, we haven't tried this one," called out the beautiful princess.

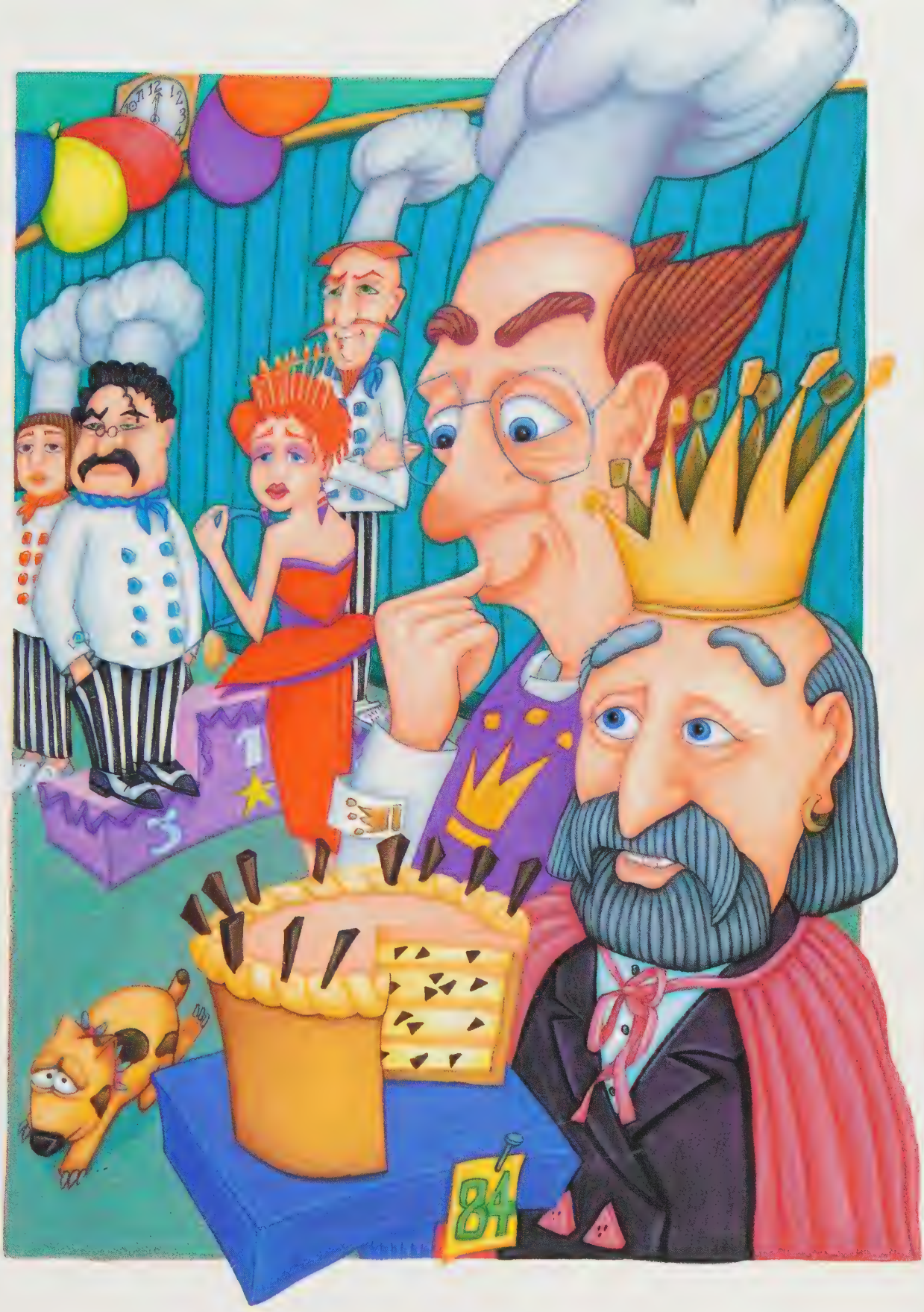
Each judge tasted a piece of Alex's cheesecake. As the princess swallowed the last bite she gazed into Alex's eyes.

The man who could cook like this was the man she wanted to marry.

"We have a winner," announced the king. "Number 84!" It was Alex! The princess stepped forward to present the prize. Just at that moment a clock began to strike twelve. Alex panicked and fled into the night. Outside he found that his shiny motorbike had changed back to a rusty old pushbike with a flat tyre.

"Ah, well," sighed Alex, in his old kitchen clothes, "it was nice while it lasted."

The princess could not forget Alex and his cheesecake. The next day she made a proclamation that she loved the chef who had won the contest and wanted to present his prize personally.


84

She sent the royal chef to all the restaurants to find Alex. Eventually the chef knocked on the door of *The Flinders' Cellar.*

"Come in," said Russell, "and try the cheesecakes that Manuel and I have baked." (Really Alex had baked them but of course he had not used his special recipe.)

"It's chocolatey," said the royal chef, "but not quite . . ."

"...chocolatey enough?" chimed Alex. "Try this one!"

Manuel and Russell laughed. "He's only the kitchenhand."

The royal chef carefully looked at Alex. Had he seen him somewhere before?

Slowly the chef tasted a piece of Alex's cake. He recognized that special flavour at once.

"This is it!" he squealed with delight. "I have found the mystery chef. Inform the princess at once!"

The princess was promptly driven to the restaurant to congratulate Alex.

"Here is your prize," said the beautiful princess, kissing Alex lightly on the cheek. "Will you marry me and cook for me forever?"

"Oh, thank you, your Highness," said Alex, surprised, "but I already have a partner."

The princess was astonished. The room was silent. How could Alex refuse such a proposal?

"Polly's been such a good friend," he said. "The two of us have decided to start up our own restaurant. We'll call it *The Glass Slipper.*"

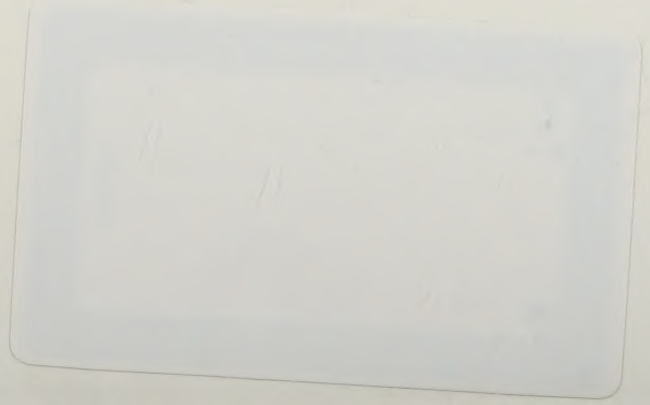
And that's just what they did and they worked and lived . . .

happily ever after.

260

ADJUSTABLE LYFJACKET

BOOK PROTECTORS & CO.
PROTECTOR HOUSE, 74 SOUTH GROVE, LONDON, E17 7NJ



KQ-039-840

ALEX AND THE GLASS SLIPPER

Era

ISBN 0-947212-98-1

N.L.D.

9 780947 212988

Amanda Graham